

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream— There agreed a cloud of dust along a plain; And undernests the cloud, or in it, raged A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords Shooked upon swords and shields. A prince's bar

Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by

foss.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keeper steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Bluntthing!"—he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away, and left the field.

Then came the king a son, wounded, sore, bestead And weaponloss, and saw the broken sword. Hill buried in the dry and trodden sand, And ran and snatched it, and, with battle shout Lifted afresh, he howed the enemy down, And saved a great cause that heroic day. -Bdward Rowland Sill.

#### MR. HEAPHEY'S GHOST

Near the end of a long summer day toward the close of a London season, Mr. Heaphey was alone in his studio in London. It was a large apartment with alwalls, with the usual bric-a-brac of an artist's reception room. This room was entered directly from a landing place at the head of a broad flight of stairs leading down into the street and past a small porter's room, for the studio was in a public building occupied by a number of persons.

Coming into his reception room from a small cabinet, in which he was putting away some papers, Mr. Heaphey was star-tled to see a lady quite unknown to him, young, of good figure and carriage, dressed quietly, in perfect taste and in the fashion, who was walking around the room and inspecting the pictures.

Mr. Heaphey approached and saluted her, observing as he did so that, while she was unquestionably fine looking, her countenance was unusually pale, and that her eyes, which she fixed upon him as he spoke to her, had a singular, and, as he afterward described it, almost "uncanny" expression.

She made no explanation whatever of her presence, but at once asked him whether he could paint immediately a portrait of her for a dear friend to whom she wished to send it as soon as possible.

Mr. Heaphey replied that he would be

happy to do so if it were in his power, but that he was on the point of leaving London for a round of visits in the country; that he had many professional engagements which would probably occupy during the remainder of the year, and that he could not at all see his way clear to do what she was so good as to ask him to do.

The lady treated these objections with polite indifference and persisted, saying that it would not be necessary for Mr. Heaphey that she should sit to him. "Youwill not forget my face," she said, with a singular intenstion, "and if I am not misinformed as to your talents, you can make a sketch of me now, from which you could paint such a portrait as I wish.

Mr. Heaphey thanked her for her good opinion, but again excused himself. Nothing would do, however, and the lady finally carried her point so far that Mr. Heaphey—he could hardly say why, and certainly against his own will and judgment-consented to undertake the

when I can give you your sittings, and if you will oblige me with your name and address I will see what I can do and will let you know.

"I will be here at any time you may Mr. Heaphey looked at her with astonish-

"But I don't see how you can be bere unless I let you know when that time will

'I shall have ne difficulty about that," graving of a face which I am told strongly resembles my own-so strongly that it has me. This will serve to keep me in your mind," she said smiling. "And, by the way, I wish you would try to make a

Puzzled by the lady's manner as much as by her words he quietly said:

his hand to his profound astonishment the lady had vanished!

had been during the whole interview. It spring lock. It seemed to Mr. Heapbey and this so rapidly that it seemed scarcely Imaginable a lady could have gotten out of ouse before he was upon the stairway.

No trace of her, however, could be seen. He ran hastily down and questioned the ds window, which commanded a complete view of the stairway and of the entrance to the building. His amazement was heightened when he found that the porter not only protested that he had not seen any lady go out, but declared that, so far as he knew, no lady had entored the building for more than an hour before.

The man looked at Mr. Heaphey as he told him this with a curious expression, which satisfied Mr. Heaphey that he would not improve his reputation as a same and sober person by pressing his questions any Further on the porter. He went up stairs again and set about the occupation in which he had been interrupted by his extraordinary visitor. It was impossible, however, for him to shake off an unusual and uncomfortable feeling for which he could not account, but which finally became so strong that he closed his desk and

His arrangements to leave town being completed, the next morning he went back to the studio to see that everything was put in proper order for the vacation, and to give some final directions. On his desk lay, with a number of letters from the mail, a small roll of paper addressed to him by name, but bearing no postmark or any sign of having passed through the mails. He took this roll of paper up carelessly, opened it, and, to his unspeakable astonishment, found himself confronted with an engraved portrait of a lady bearing a most marvelous resemblance in the form of the head, manner of wearing the hair and the features to his mysterious

visitor of the previous evening. This engraving, on examination, he found had been taken out of one of the handsome annuals which had been in vogue many years before-I think from one of Heath's "Books of Beauty." It was a portrait of a young lady of rank celebrated for her beauty, the daughter of an English earl, who many years before the time of

water ram now speaking and been married to a Hungarian nobleman of great wealth and of a distoric name. It was quite impossible to suppose my connection between the original of this portrait and Mr. Hesphey's strange visitor, beyond the fortuitous resembiture which impressed him so strongly. Calling up the porter, Mr. Hesphey saked him by whom this roll of paper had been left. The porter replied: "I have no idea. I never saw it before."
Did you not bring it with the last mail?" "No, sir, it didn't come with the last

Now, there was no letter slit in the door of the studio. The studio itself had been locked and the key in the porter's possession

during the whole time. The man protested solemnly that he had only come into the room to bring up the mail, that the roll of paper was not carried up by him, and that to the best of his recolection, though upon this point he could not be positive, no such roll of paper had been on the deak when he left the letters

Mr. Heaphey finally took the paper and put it into his dispatch box, marveling not a little to his mind as to the meaning of

these inexplicable performances. Gradually, however, the whole matter passed out of his mind, nutil some weeks afterward, while staying with a friend in coves, in one of which a number of por-traits and pictures were hung upon the engraving up and—he could not exactly say why—felt suddenly moved to make a sketch from memory of the lady whose face it recalled to him so vividly. He prepared his materials, went to work, found the picture growing appidly and satisfac-torily under his hand, and grew so interested in the occupation that before he laid his brushes down he had made what seemed to himself a very good and striking sketch, which might well serve as a basis for a finished portrait. He put this sketch, with the engraving, back into his dispatch book, and again the subject passed out of

Two or three weeks passed by. Visiting another friend—in Yorkshire, near the Derbyshire line—Mr. Heaphey found himself seated at dinner next to a gentlemen of an old family and of a good estate in Derbyshire, who had entered into corre-spondence with him some years before with an eye to inducing him to come down into Derbyshire and paint a portrait there of an invalid child of his to whom he was very much attached, and who could not

conveniently be carried up to Lordon.
Finding Mr. Heaphey four his residence
this gentleman entreated him to come over
at the end of his Yorkshire visit, pass two or three days with him and paint this portrait. It was not very convenient for Mr. Heaphoy to do this, but such was the ur-gency of the Derbyshire man that he final-

y gave way.

"I shall be going home myself in a day
or two," said the Derbyshire man, who
was visiting a neighbor of Mr. Heaphey's ost in Yorkshire, "and I will have every thing ready for you. You will take the train at such a station" (naming it), change carriages at such a function and in twenty minutes after that you will find yourself at a little way station, where my carriage will be in waiting for you and bring you to my house."

It was a gray, rainy morning when Mr. Heaphey took the train to make his trip into Derbyshire. A ready guard found an empty first class carriage for him, put his shawls and bags into it and closed the door. Putting on his traveling cap and taking out a novel Mr. Heaphey settled imself back into a corner of the carriage for a comfortable quiet hour in the train. Long before the mishaps of Col. Valen-tine Baker startled and soandalized the vorid the unprotected female had made herself a terror to sedate and solitary male travelers on the English-railways. Great therefore was the disgust of Mr. Heaphey when, just before the train was to start. another guard came up, opened the car-riage door and handed in a lady, with the usual paraphernalia of umbrellas, bags

The train moved off, and Mr. Heaphey after a while, glancing around from his corner, became aware that this lady was said the lady almost petulantly. "In the meantime I will see that you have an enlines of her countenance. It is unpleasant to be fixed in this way from behind a veri. sometimes been mistaken for a partrait of and Mr. Heaphey felt unusually and un-

necountably restless under the infliction. His unassiness was soon removed, however, for the lady, throwing her veil aside, revealed to him the face of his mysterious visitant of the summer. She seemed not in the least surprised at finding him in the carriage, but very quietly asked him whether he was going to such a place (naming the residence of the gentleman whom be was about to visit), and expressed

l'ais cool demeanor aided Mr. Heaphey in regaining his composure, and he met

er in the same spirit. "You have made the sketch of me, have you not, Mr. Heaphey?" she said suddenly.
"Good heavens, yes! but how did you know that &

Deigning no reply, she went on:
"Why did you not finish it? You had nothing to do the next day at such a place," naming the country sest at which

e had really made the sketch. Mr. Heaphay stammered out some exstise, which was cut short by her asking him whether the engraving had not helped

n as she had told him it would.

Very much," he said; "but—but I never ite knew how you sent that to me."
"No. I suppose not," she said, and chang-

ing the subject began to speak of some book which she held in her hand. The conversation went on until the train reached the point at which Mr. Heaphey was to leave it. The lady apparently intended to continue her journey in the direction of London, for she made no offer to get out, bade Mr. Heaphey good morning very composedly and as he got out of the carriage said to him:

"Now you will go on with the sketch and I will try and let you see me again. It should be done."

Without quite owning it to himself Mr. Heaphey was greatly pleased to find himself in a different carriage going in a dif-ferent direction, for it was impossible to resist a singular and uncomfortable impression that he was dealing with a profoundly mysterious if not with an unearthly personage, and yet in the face of the very carriage and demeanor of the lady and of all the external circumstances of the affair it appeared to Mr. Heaphey quite absurd to indulge these impressions. found his boot's carriage waiting for him, and was driven to the house and ushered

to his room in time to dress for dinner. The house was a large, ancient, hand-some country gentleman's home, in no wise baronial, but dating back two or three centuries, with broad passages and stairways; family pictures, tapestry hangings and all the details that go to make up one of the thousand and one stately homes of England throughout that pleasant land. Mr. Heaphey found himself alone when he entered the creat drawing room. He walked about, looking at the pictures upon the walls, and so passed into a second smaller drawing room, whither he was atiracted by the sound of the crackling of a wood fire. There a staggering blow awaited him. Standing before a tall, ancient mantel, with one foot set upon the beavy bress fender, in the light of a great wood fire which sparkled and flamed in the deep phinney place stood his fellow traveler of chimney place, stood his fellew traveler the morning. She nodded to him politely and with perfect unconcern. He approached and spoke with her, expressing some surprise at finding her under the same roof

with himself. 'How did you come?" be said. "I thought mine was the only train which

"I came by a way of my own," she re-plied, and went on in a light, ordinary

conversation uptilisthe host and hostess appeared from the higger drawing from.

Mr. Heaphey of once advanced to greet them and fell into conversation with the hostess. He was a little surprised, though not particularly, to find that neither of them made any offer to present him to the lady, who still stood, in no way recogniz-

ing their presence, by the fireside. Dinner was almost immediately announced. The host invited Mr. Heaphey to give his arm to his hostess, and they passed into the "You see," said the hostess, as they took

their seats at the table, "we have no one here, and it is very kind of you to come and give us your company."

As the lady of the fireside had entered the room with them, and was at that moment sitting directly opposite to Mr. Heaphey, all these remarks seemed to him most extraordinary. He affected, however, not to perceive snything strange in this conversation, and dinner went on, the mysterious lady taking no part whatever in the taking and, so far as Mr. Heaphey could see, being in no way recognized by the host, the hostess or the servants who waited at the table. As may be imagined all this did not tend to enhance Mr. Heaphey's comfort at dinner. It was im possible for him to allude to a person who seemed to exist only in his own percep tions, and yet who manifested in pression of her countenance no sort of conusness of this extraordinary neglect. When they retired to the drawing room after dfuner, one or two persons coming in from the neighborhood, conversation be came general. The mysterious lady moved about from point to point, once or twice speaking with Mr. Heaphey, but never, so far as he could see, exchanging a word with any other person present. By the time that he retired to his room, Mr. Heaphey was profoundly upset by this most unaccountable of all the experiences through which he had yet passed in connection with his mysterious visitant of the summer. Determined, if he could, to satisfy himself whether he was or was not the victim of a hallucination, he made some excuse for speaking to the footman, who was arranging his clothes before leaving him for the night, about the lady who had dined there. The footman tooked at him intelligently at first, and then with a curious, almost quitzical ex-pression informed Mr. Heaphey that he had not the least idea what he was speaking of, as he didn't know that any lady was staying in the house, and as the one or two ladies who had called during the evening had driven home to their residences. Secing that he was to get no light from this

paint in water colors, and left. From time to time all the circumstances of this strange acquaintance would recur to him, but he never cared to dwell upon them in his own mind. Still less did he dream of communicating them to any one ise. He could not regard them as purely a delusion of his own imagination, for there in his dispatch box was the engrav ing from Heafth's "Book of Beauty;" there was the half finished sketch of a face which had imprinted itself with an almost terrible distinctness upon his memory; and yet be felt that to hint at any of the cir-cumstances of his unpurelleled adventures would expose him in the minds of other people to suspicions which, but for the material evidences there before him, he would be very apt themters in of himself. So the time passed on. Once or twice, taking the sketch up, Mr. Heaphey had worked upon it until it was well advanced to completion. He never took it up excepting under a stress of feeling which he could never define nor resist; he never laid it away again except with a sense of relief and satisfaction. Early in the ensuing winter Mr. Heaphey was called to the west of England to keep an engagement made before with a friend who resided, I think, somewhere in the marches of Wales. He started upon this journey from some point the name of which I cannot now recall—for it is many years since Mrs. Murray told me this story—in the eastern or midland counties. At all events he left through the ancient little cathedral city of Lichfield. On reaching Lichfield great was Mr. Heaphey's disgust to find he could

quarter, Mr. Heaphey was silent, remained

in the house two or three days, fluished the portrait which he had undertaken to

he was not enough of a philosopher to ac-cept with satisfaction. There are two or three very decent inns ber satisfaction at meeting him as composedly as if they were ordinary acquaint himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. He ordered the usual Britannian with the usual soup, the usual fish and the usual joint, enlivened it with a pint of dry champagne, picked up the county history, and settled himself for a quiet evening and a sedetive smoke. He had hardly got through with his dinner when the waiter, to his astonishment, came is of course much leas.

In with a card on a salver. Taking up this This lightness is con card, Mr. Heaphey read on it the name of a gentleman who many years before had been one of his school fellows, but of whom he had seen and heard nothing since he came to years of membood. He had forgetten, in fact, the very existence of the man, and he was entirely at a loss to imagine in what possible way his arrival and his presence in this quiet little inn could come to the ears of his quentiam boyish companion. He bads the waiter, however, show him up at once. When the deor opened he welcomed—not a man of his own years, but a quiet and rather serious looking, very courteous young gentieman of 25 or 26, who promptly explained that he was the son and pamesake of Mr Heaphey's old school fellow; that he had been sent by his father with a carriage to find Mr. Heaphey at the inn, his father being coulined to his room with an illness, and that his father insisted on Mr. Heaphey's leaving the inn and coming to pass Sunday in Lichfield in their house Mr. Houphey, overwhelmed at this civility, could not resist expressing his surprise and asking the young man how in the world her came to know of his entirely accidental visit to Lichneld.

"That I can't tell you," said the young man, "but he has been expecting you all day.

Well, this passes all comprehension." said Mr. Heaphey, "And I should be very glad to find out how it came to peas." He endeavored, however, to excuse himself from accepting the hospitality thus unexpectedly professed him, but in vain. The young man insisted that he could not think of such a thing as going back without Mr. Houphey, and after a little the artist picked. His portmenteau and dispatch box were brought down, put into a next little private currings which stood at the inn door, and Mr. Heaphey drove to the house

of his old sequestations.
"I will see upstairs," said the young man,
"and let my father know you are here. He is so anxious to see you and has been so nervous and restless; of inte that I ought to see him for a few moments before you go up." And with this he led hir. Heaphey into a drawing room, where he presented him to a young lady dressed in mourning as a sister. This young lady greeted Mr. Heaphey very cordially, and appeared to been quite as well aware as her father of his coming to Lichfield and quite

as much interested as her breaker in secur-ing his-presence in their house. "My-father," said the young lady, "has been hoping to see you here for months; but it was only today that he felt sure of your caming Yes " said Mr. Heaphey. "And how in the world did he feel sure of my coming "That I can't tell you," said the young roman, "but I suppose it is because he had eard frem you."

"Heard from me!" said Mr. Heaphey. 'My dear young lady, I have had no communication with your father for years. I am sorry to say I didn't even remember he was living bere in Lichfield."

The young lady looked at him incredu-

"How can this be when you have been inting my sister's portrait?"
"Painting your sister's portrait?" said "Pray, what is your sister's

"Her name?" said the young lady, reesting it. ating it.
"I assure you," said Mr. Heaphey,
"I assure you," said Mr. Heaphey,

"either I am dreaming or you are. Your sister never sat to me for her portrait. I never heard of it until this moment." "You must not say this to my father," said the young lady; "it will kill him. He has been counting on this. There must be some strange mistake."

"Certainly there is some strange mis-take," said Mr. Heaphey, "but I can't understand how I am in any way accountable for it. I assure you I have no recollection of your sister's name-no recollection.

Where did she sit to me! "That I don't know," said the young lady; "It must have been before she died." "She is no longer living, then?" "No; and it is since her death that my ather has been so eager to secure the portrait you have been painting of her. I can't understand how you didn't know her

name; but you will surely recall her faceat once, for you have the engraving of the portrait of Lady —, which was taken out out of our 'Book of Beauty' and sent to you because of its strange resemblance to her." And with this the young lady, rising, handed him a copy of Heath's "Book of Beauty," opened at the page from which the engraved portrait so long and so mys-teriously had been taken.

The effect of this disclosure upon Mr. Heaphey may be imagined. His counteanged. He paused a moment and then said:

This is inexplicable. When did your sister die? The date was named, a date not long pre-

ceding the time at which his mysterious visitor had first entered his studio. "I have a picture of that young lady," ne said, "in my dispatch box, and I will bring it down stairs to you."

Going up stairs, he opened the dispatch box and returned to the drawing room with the nearly completed sketch and with the engraved portrait, both of which the young lady received with expressions of the most intense delight. She carried them time Mr. Heaphey was introduced to his old acquaintance, whom he found in a state of inexpressible happiness at the possession of the portrait, and not in the least, apparently, disturbed or concerned as to the way in which it had been painted or as to any of the circumstances connected with it. He could not sufficiently thank Mr. Heaphey for what he had done pressed him to name his avoir numera-tion for the work, and exhibited, in short, every symptom of unbounded satisfaction. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Heaphey positively and peremptorily declined any payment whatever for this strange and uncanny piece of work. He said as little as possible to the father or to the family as to the circumstances in which it had been painted, and got out of Libbield by the parliest train with a sense of intense relief

Female Superstition for the Turquois. Mme. Titiens, the famous prima donna, had a strong superstition agarding the turquois. She believed that it was to her talismanic stone and brought success in her undertakings. She never was without While she was in St. Petersburg early in hersencer, she was presented with a turquois brooch by the ezar. She regarded that special stone with absolute veneration, and she never essayed a new operatic role that she did not wear it. If it did not harmonise with her costume she would wear it out of sight on her under would induce her to go on the stage without it. She would disappoint a public sooner than brave failure by the absence of

Mme. Rudersdorff had the same superwore as an amulet a bra-elet set with make no connection westward until Mon- turquois that had never left her arm day day morning. This condemned him to or night. That bracelet and a sepphire pass Sunday at Liebfield, a prospect which ring were her two talismans for good.

> Paper Fire Engine. The Berlin fire department has lately received a novel fire engine which has excited

much interest in that city. The carriage is constructed entirely papier mache, all the different parts, the body, wheels, poles and the rest being finished in the best possible manner. While the durability and powers of re-

istance possessed by this meterial are fully as great as those of wood, the weight This lightness is considered a great advantage, as it will enable the new engines to reach the scape of a fire with correspondingly preater promptness. It seems not unlikely that the wooden carriages

will, in a short time, pass out of use alto

gether.-Youth's Companion. Getting Thunder Down Pine. At the conversations of the Boyal society, London, England, a new brontonester was exhibited which will, on one ally of paper, note the beginning, variation in intensity and termination of rain and hall, the instant of each lightning flash, and the beginning and duration of a thunder clap.

New York Journal.

To Remedy the Noise of Engines. Many suggestions have been made for remedying the vibration and noise attendant on the working of the big engines which are employed to run dyna-mos. A plan which has given great satisfaction is to build hair felt into the foundations of the engine. An electric ompany has just had one of its minety orse power engines removed from its foundations, which were then taken up to the depth of four feet. A layer of felt five inches thick was then placed on the foundations and run up two feet on all sides, and on the top of this the brickwork was built up. The cost of the alterations was about \$900 .- New York Letter.

Routine Work. New Reporter-Anything for me to

City Editor (New York daily)-Nothing special. Just walk up and down Breadway, and write up the pavement explosions.-New York Weekly.

"I tell you it was a musical treat." "What? At the Dime museum?" "Yep. The four handed man played a duet."-Harper's Basar.

Tired of Shining. "Don't you want to go to the better

world, Tommy?" asked a Sunday school teacher of the new scholar. "No. mum." promptly replied the frank little fellow "And why not, Tommy?" "Oh, when I die I want to go where a feller can rest." Well, my boy, you can rest there. "Well, in that some we sung it said we'd all same there." "Certainly; don't you want to shine there?" "No, mum, I don't want to shine there. I get enough of that here. I'm a shoeblack, mum."

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Miss Mollie E. Seawall, a recently suc cesaful novelist, who took the \$500 prize offered by a Boston periodical, is a niece of President Tyler.

In a pine grove planted by her father fifty years ago, Miss Gabrielle Greeley conducted recently a grove meeting, at which 400 people were present.

A recent visitor to Sarah Bernhardt's studio says that the cage formerly occupie by the tragedienne's pet tiger is now the home of 120 birds of all sorts and kinds.

Mrs. C. K. Davis, wife of the Minnesota senstor and one of the most beautiful women in Washington, used to have the repu tation of being an expert horsewoman and pistol shot.

Lady Dunlo's beauty is described by a partisan as consisting chiefly in her luxurious chestnut brown hair, dark blue eyes and graceful figure, while her arms are models for a sculptor.

Mrs. Caine, wife of the Mormon delegate to congress, is a pretty, dark haired woman of whom her husband is very fond. She is well educated and is a relative of Florence Nightingale.

Miss Fine, who is at the head of the girls' college settlement in Rivington street, New York city, is a school teacher. She is hardly 25 years old, is slender and tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Mrs. Labouchere, wife of the famous

journalist, has invented a new social en-tertainment called "A Morning Garden Party." At each of these fetes a fairy play s performed by a troupe of children. The greatest social success attained by an American lady in London this season

has fallen to the lot of Miss Letter, the rich and beautiful Chicagoan whom the Prince and Princess of Wales have taken up. Mrs. Sarah C. Little, superintendent of the Wisconsin Institute for the Blind, was elected vice president of the National Association of Instructors of the Blind at the annual meeting held at Jacksonville,

Ills., recently. Mrs. Serrano, of Paris, who translated Marie Bashkirtseff's journal, has received a personal letter from the mother of the deceased, accompanied by several pieces of jewelry worn by the young artist and val-

ned as family heirlooms. Miss Mary Lee, the youngest daughter of Gen. R. E. Lee, possesses a wonderful mem-ory for faces and names. She is a tall woman, officinguished presence, and poscesses a vivacious charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation.

A year ago Mrs. Emily Kemper, LL. D., was not allowed to matriculate at the law school of the University of New York. Now Mrs. Kemper has a law school of her own, and the council of the university by a unanimous vote decided to admit women membership.

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Oh, excuse me. I must get my address book, and we will arrange matters." And with this be turned his back for a moment the lady, and going to a desk opened it to take out the book of which he spoke, When he turned again with the book in

The door of the studio was shut, as it was a heavy door, and closed with a strong hardly possible that it could have been opened and shut unheard by him; but he instantly ran to it, opened it and looked down the broad flight of stairs to the street,

porter, who happened to be standing near

left the building for the night.

Ween Baby was mok, we guve her Casterfa, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When the had Children, she gave them Castoria,